

Black Star

Radiohead

I get home from work
And you're still standing in your dressing gown
Well what am I to do?
I know all the things around your head
And what they do to you
What are we coming to?
What are we gonna do? Blame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite that beams me home
The troubled words of a troubled mind
I try to understand what is eating you
I try to stay awake
But it's 58 hours since that I last slept with you
What are we coming to?
I just don't know anymore Blame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite that beams me home I get on the train and I just stand about
Now that I don't think of you
I keep falling over I keep passing out
When I see a face like you
What am I coming to?
I'm gonna melt down
Blame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite that beams me home This is killing me
This is killing me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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